

THE SUBURBAN CITIZEN.

WASHINGTON, - D. C.

A Michigan scientist has made the interesting discovery that the soul is located in the spine. Alas for the hen-pecked man who has no backbone.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., says the world does not owe any man a living. Nor does the world give every young man a multi-millionaire for a father.

Year by year it is becoming more and more clearly recognized that Washington is the great show city of the American continent. Whatever tends to establish this status more firmly is a public benefit of national concern and interest, thinks the Philadelphia Record.

Cornell University will hereafter confer the degree of "Forest Engineer," in place of "Bachelor of the Science of Forestry." The change of title is thought to indicate more precisely the fact that not a science, but an art has been studied to a certain degree, and that the attainments acquired are practical rather than literary or scientific.

In 1901 instruction was being imparted in Guatemala in 1419 national schools and seventy-two private schools. Some 56,892 pupils attended the national schools, of whom 27,455 were boys and 29,347 girls. The attendance at private schools was 3702. The appropriations for educational purposes for the year amounted to \$1,513,915.

Certain canners who "tin" tomatoes are talking of a new trust with millions of capital. Where is Sergeant Buzfuz? Where are Dodson & Fogg? Are Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Perker, Winkle, Tupman and the other members of the Pickwick Club in court? "Chops and tomato sauce?" And Mrs. Bardell? Have the Wellers vanished? A tomato trust at last! The world has been waiting for a combination of that sort ever since Charles Dickens wrote the "Pickwick Papers."

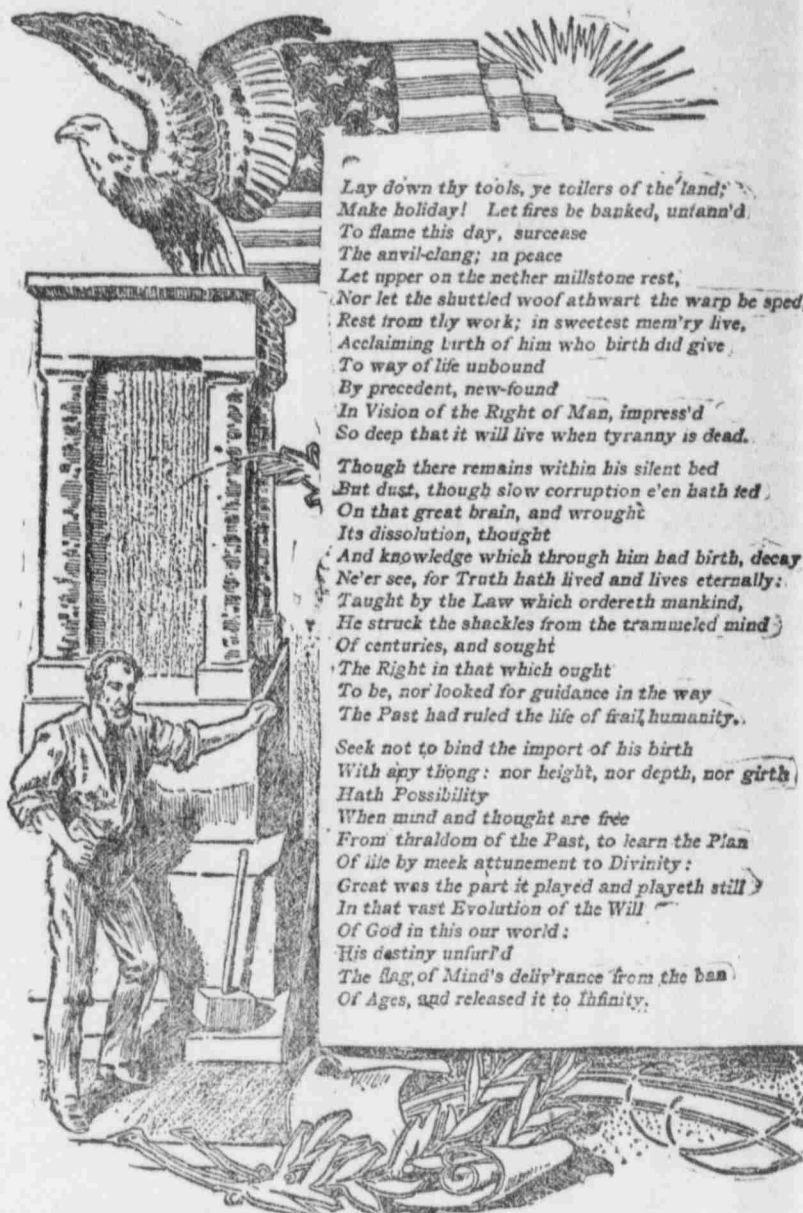
In the official announcement of the purposes of the magnificently endowed Carnegie institution it is stated that one among its aims will be "to discover the exceptional man in every department of study, whenever and wherever found, and enable him by financial aid to make the work for which he seems specially designed his life work." It will be a difficult task to find this exceptional man in every department of study, far more difficult than to provide him with financial aid, but the ambition is noble and commendable, and the world will hope it may be splendidly successful.

It seems that the movement against the smoke nuisance in London began more than 600 years ago, and was coincident with the discovery of coal in the north of England. It appears that the coal smoke caused no immediate annoyance to the inhabitants of London, but a "smoke act" was passed about the time of Edward I. in order that "knights of the shire" might suffer no injury to their health while attending to their duties during the sittings of Parliament. Since the first smoke act the London Council has adopted many laws and regulations for abating the smoke evil. Under the last smoke act of Parliament, passed in 1891, it is made an offense to use a furnace, on premises devoted to trade purposes, so constructed as not to prevent smoke. The public health authorities are empowered to enforce this act, but as it does not apply to private houses the sources of a good portion of the smoke that beclouds London are not reached.

From sources that are ordinarily trustworthy it is learned that land agitation in Ireland has lately assumed a more serious appearance than at any time since the agrarian troubles of the eighties. The centre of the present unrest is Connaught, where the tenants of several large estates are making demands which their landlords reject as altogether unreasonable. They demand that the lands be sold to them, and that pending the sale the rents should be reduced 6s. 8d. in the pound, which is practically a third. The refusal of the landlords to accede to this demand has led to the refusal of the tenants to pay any rent whatever. The Government is already at work suppressing meetings of disaffected tenants, and the latter on their side have once more set the boycott at work. The landlords say that the present terms under which land sales to tenants are negotiated are ruinous to the vendors, and unless the Government makes some changes in the laws England may expect to have a revival of the old agrarian troubles in the very near future.

The Birthday of George Washington.

By A. G. Hopkinson.



Lay down thy tools, ye toilers of the land;
Make holiday! Let fires be banked, unfanned.
To flame this day, surcease
The anvil-clang, in peace
Let upper on the nether millstone rest,
Nor let the shuttled woof athwart the warp be sped;
Rest from thy work; in sweetest memory live,
Acclaiming birth of him who birth did give,
To way of life unbound
By precedent, new-found
In vision of the Right of Man, impress'd
So deep that it will live when tyranny is dead.
Though there remains within his silent bed
But dust, though slow corruption e'en hath fed
On that great brain, and wrought
Its dissolution, thought
And knowledge which through him had birth, decay
Ne'er see, for Truth hath lived and lives eternally;
Taught by the Law which ordereth mankind,
He struck the shackles from the trammelled mind
Of centuries, and sought
The Right in that which ought
To be, nor looked for guidance in the way
The Past had ruled the life of frail humanity.
Seek not to bind the import of his birth
With any thing: nor height, nor depth, nor girth
Hath Possibility
When mind and thought are free
From thralldom of the Past, to learn the Plan
Of life by meek attunement to Divinity:
Great was the part it played and playeth still
In that vast Evolution of the Will
Of God in this our world:
His destiny unfold
The flag of Mind's deliverance from the ban
Of Ages, and released it to Infinity.



The True Romance of Washington.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, soldier, statesman and hero, was at his best as a lover. From the time when he was an impetuous youngster of fourteen until he stood beside Martha Custis, a proud bridegroom at twenty-seven, the young Virginian was continually falling in or falling out of love.

He was barely in his teens when he set about penning verses. Poetry, however, was apparently the wrong route to the heart of Mary Bland, of Westmoreland, who proudly reserved her smiles, but whom Washington referred to for years as his "Lowland Beauty."

But constancy was not a virtue in the eyes of the fourteen-year-old Washington.

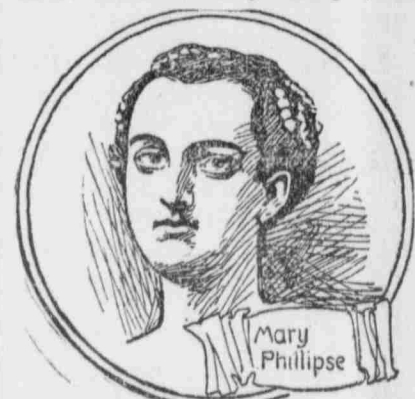
In less than a year he had been in love with two others—Miss Lucy Grymes and a nameless miss whom he addressed as "Dear Sally."

The heroine of the next engrossing affair was Miss Mary Cary, a connection of the Fairfaxes. Though at first Miss Cary reminded him too painfully of the "Lowland Beauty" who had rejected him, and made him long, as he said, to "bury that chaste and troublesome passion in oblivion," yet he finally succumbed to the new attraction and the affair with Miss Cary continued for several years.

Gallant youth though he was, Washington did not always find favor

besought to revoke her "former cruel sentence."

But all this was the mere apprenticeship at love—a preliminary schooling in the world of women. The lively Sallies and Betsies who courted with Washington at fourteen left no permanent scar. Susceptible as he was, he never yielded the whole of his generous heart until one February day in 1756, when the handsomest young officer in America met and loved the most brilliant and beautiful young woman of her time. There was nobody in New York of those days who did not know of Mary Phillipse, the



celebrated beauty and wit and heiress—the queen of her little world.

And when Colonel George Washington, that lithe, impressive figure, handsomely mounted and accoutred, with the inspiring consciousness that his fame had preceded him, rode proudly into New York, there was probably not a human being he would have been more glad to impress favorably than Mary Phillipse.

Nobody wondered, for the fact was perfectly evident that Washington loved Mary Phillipse—the noble-looking girl, with her exquisite round contours, brilliant color, and the fire of an untamed spirit burning in her eyes.

What did seem strange was the calm impartiality with which the spoiled beauty classed Washington with a score of other admirers.

For he was the very picture, at this time, of the gallant that maidens love, with his pale, aquiline face and military figure set off by a uniform of buff and blue, with a white and scarlet cloak over his shoulders and a sword knot of red and gold. His horses' London-made trappings were a marvel of magnificence, while beside him there usually rode two aides, dressed in buff and blue. Behind were the colonel's servants, dressed in the Washington colors of white and scarlet and wearing hats laced with silver.

A pretty bit of pageantry and a brave knight in whose honor it was! But the unfortunate part of this pretty story is that it has no ending! Washington summoned his aides and servants and rode back South one day, and if Mary Phillipse ever had any regrets she was wise enough not to confide them.

But deeply wounded though he was, the colonel's heart did not break. Instead he kept it sound and inviolate until he came to surrender it finally

some two years later on to the lady whom he wooed with such ardent swift—Mrs. Martha Custis.

Mrs. Custis was a widow—young, charming, well connected.

Washington met her at a dinner, loved her, and before the evening was over had told her so.

Was not that a very human sort of lover?

And the next time they met they were betrothed, each having taken the other completely by storm, each carried in the swing of that reckless, impetuous wooing.

And married they were, in January of 1759, with the gayest of weddings. The bride was lovely in brocade and pearls, the bridegroom correspondingly magnificent in blue and silver and scarlet, with gold buckles at his knees and on his shoes.

After which the bride was driven home in a coach and six, while her husband, at the head of a magnificently uniformed party, rode just beside her. And they were, as all the world knows, happy ever after.

GUARDS AT THE TOMB

The Quaint Old Colored Men Stationed at Mount Vernon.

Few of the millions of people who have visited Mount Vernon during the last half century could have overlooked the picturesque and stalwart figure of Uncle Edmund Parker, the old colored man who reverently guarded the tomb of Washington. His courtly and dignified manners, his deeply marked face and the respectful courtesy with which he an-

short time and then joined the United army at Fort Washington and remained as cook for the band of the Fourth Artillery until the close of the



THOMAS BUSHROD.
(The new guard at the tomb of Washington.)

war. Then he went back to his old home again, and in 1874 was appointed guard at the tomb of Washington by the Ladies' Association, where he remained until he was taken ill, and for six months was a great sufferer from cancer of the stomach until death released him. The regents pensioned him, did everything for his comfort and paid his funeral expenses.

Uncle Edmund was the father of nineteen children, nine of whom are still living and visited him during his illness. He "disremembered" the date, but was very proud of the fact that he was married in the library of Mount Vernon mansion by Parson Libbey in the presence of the Washington family and was the only slave who ever had that honor. In older



answered questions made an impression upon every one. He was tall of stature, but his shoulders were slightly bent with age, and his beard and hair of late years became sprinkled with gray.

The old man died with the old year and is greatly missed by all the habitués of that sacred place, for he had been there since 1841, with occasional intervals of absence during the war. He was born in 1827 at Blakely Farm, near Charleston, W. Va., a slave of Mrs. John Augustine Washington, and came with her to Mount Vernon, where he lived on the plantation until he joined Ellis-

times in the South masters used to perform the marriage ceremony, but on the occasion of Edmund's wedding Augustine Washington was ill, and Parson Libbey, who was a member of the family circle, was called upon to officiate.

Uncle Edmund's successor as guard of the tomb of Washington is Thomas Bushrod, another venerable negro, who for the last eight years has been sexton at Pohick Church, in Fairfax County, Virginia, with which Washington was so closely identified. Washington served on the committee that selected the site and superintended its construction and was a vestryman and warden of the parish for many years.

Thomas Bushrod was born in 1825 near Warrenton, Farquhar County. He was a slave of the Fitzhugh family from 1847, when his home was changed to a plantation near Pohick Church in Fairfax County, where he has since lived. He is a man of venerable appearance, and quaint dignity and fully appreciates his responsibility.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Washington's Powers.

Washington held a record of twenty-two feet at broad-jumping, and he was so expert a wrestler that he was known to have thrown in succession three men, the lightest of them weighing 240 pounds.

Handicapped.



"George Wash'ton must 'a had a blamed sight better hatchet dan dis dinky t'ing, er else a smaller tree!"—New York World.

THE SUBURBAN CITIZEN is a permanent institution—a fixture at the National Capital. Thousands and thousands of people can testify to the good work it has accomplished during the past five years in the line of suburban improvement. It is the only newspaper in the District of Columbia that maintains a punching bureau, whose duty it is to punch up the authorities and keep them awake to the needs of the suburbs. On that account it deserves and is receiving substantial encouragement.

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MARTHA WASHINGTON AS A GIRL.

with the maidens of whose charms he was so promptly susceptible.

There was, for instance, a Miss Betsy Fauntleroy, of Richmond, with whom, in 1752, Washington fell ardently in love, but when he in vain